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VOL. 64.—No. 31.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1886.

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REMINISCENCES OF BEETHOVEN,

By CARL HOLZ.

Compiled by SIR GEORGE GROVE.

THE following reminiscences of Beethoven—now probably appearing in English for the first time—are partly extracted from an article by the late Ludwig Nohl, a copious writer on the life and the works of the great composer. They are by Carl Holz, from whose mouth they were taken down by Frau Linzbaur, at Baden, in 1858, shortly before Holz's death. Holz, when a young government employé in the Austrian capital, was so fortunate as to attract the notice of Beethoven in the last few years of his life, by his personal attention and devotion, and by his skill as a violin player, and member of the Schuppanzigh party, in which he was one of the exponents of the last quartets. Beethoven never could resist a pun, and Holz's name was too tempting. He was "A wooden pupil of mine called Holz"; "Mahogany Holz"; "Span vom Holz Christi" (the Cross)—a very poor nickname for a man who seems to have been a sad profligate. Another of Beethoven's jokes on him, and an excellent instance of his peculiar humour, is preserved by Mr. Thayer in a very interesting lecture delivered at Trieste, and entitled "A Critical Addition to the Beethoven Literature."* "Joseph Ries," says Mr. Thayer, "told me that, at a rehearsal of one of the last quartets, Beethoven, though he could not hear a note, made, during the Finale, a movement as if something was not going rightly. In reply to Schuppanzigh's enquiry as to what was the matter, Beethoven pointed to a place where Holz had used a wrong bowing, and then said: 'They ought to put Holz (wood) under the chair, and light him, and then he would have some fire.'"

Holz, a true Viennese in his *savoir faire* and love of society, knew how to make himself useful and pleasant to the deaf and lonely old man; and during the dinner hour, when it was Beethoven's habit to rest and amuse himself with conversation, Holz was frequently his companion, dining with him either at home or at a restaurant. We have proofs of this in the numerous conversations recorded in the Conversation-book in the Berlin Library, where his answers to Beethoven's questions are to be found. Beethoven, of course, spoke what he had to say.

Holz was very useful in the tiresome arrangements with young Carl, the nephew; and, being thus brought into close contact with Beethoven's family affairs, had many opportunities of increasing his intimacy with the composer. This led him to contemplate writing his biography, a task to which he was encouraged by the fact that he had received various letters from Beethoven containing, as he read them, expressions of entire confidence, and of willingness to give him all the assistance possible.

"And now good-bye. A thousand thanks for your devotion and love; I hope you will never repent of them. With love and friendship, yours, Beethoven." Thus concludes a note of August 24, 1825. Again on April 26, 1826, he speaks of his "gratitude," and adds: "I have long determined on a way of expressing my thanks to you." In August, 1826, Holz was very serviceable on the occasion of Carl's attempted suicide, and this brought him into even closer relations with Beethoven. Holz on the strength of this could no longer withstand the attractive idea of appearing before the world as the Master's chosen biographer; and with this view, on August 30, 1826, he brought Beethoven a paper containing a few lines in pencil, and requested him to sign it, which Beethoven, good-naturedly, and without consideration, did. It ran as follows:—"I have much pleasure in stating that I have deputed my friend Carl Holz to write my biography, in case such a work

should be wished for; and I have entire confidence that he will not in any way misrepresent the facts which I have entrusted to him for that purpose."

The biography for obvious reasons never came to anything, but these statements of Beethoven's excited great curiosity, and various mysterious rumours were circulated as to their meaning and extent. So far, however, nothing very important has come to light, and though the papers of the late Dr. Gassner—to whom Holz when finally convinced of his own incapacity for the task, transferred all his "not inconsiderable" records—have been searched, scarcely anything of consequence has been found. Nor had Holz's own family anything of interest to produce. On the other hand, Madame Fanny Linzbaur, an ardent admirer of Beethoven's, and donor of the well-known bust which stands below the conductor's seat at the Philharmonic Concerts, has managed to save some fragments of these biographical notes, which though not of great importance, are yet characteristic, and confirm, or throw light on much of Beethoven's life and work. This lady was in Baden (Beethoven's Baden, near Vienna), in May and June 1858, at the same time as Holz, who died that year. She often induced him to talk about the good old days, when he had been able to call himself "Beethoven's friend." She wrote down their conversations, and afterwards went through them with Holz. The MS. was examined by Herr Nohl, who extracted from it all that is of general interest, adding occasional explanations and notes.

I.

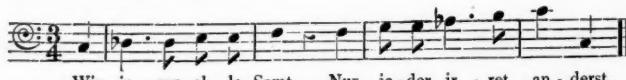
On May 5, Holz, speaking of the Mass in D, and Beethoven's autograph inscription on the MS. of the *Kyrie* of that work—*Vom Herzen! möge es wiede zu Herzen gehen*: i.e., "From the heart! may it go to the heart!"—words which should surely be printed in all editions of the work—adds: "Beethoven was so overcome while conducting this movement, as to keep his head bowed during the whole time." This refers to the first performance, in May 1824, when parts of it were given on two occasions, with Beethoven as conductor; viz., on May 7 the *Kyrie*, *Credo*, *Agnus*, and *Dona*; and on May 23 the *Kyrie* only; the only performance there during his lifetime. It was Beethoven's habit when conducting his music to indicate to the orchestra by gestures and expressive movements of his body, the particular sentiment or force which he wished to convey. Thus, at a *pianissimo*, he would crouch down below the desk, and then as the *crescendo* increased would gradually rise, beating all the time, until at the *fortissimo* he would spring into the air with his arms extended as if wishing to float on the clouds. And not only did he do this himself, but so convinced was he of its being the right mode of conducting, that on a revised copy of his *Meeresstille* he has written directions for the conductor to do very much the same.*

Holz arranged the P. F. Sonata, Op. 31, No. 1, as a quartet. After hearing it played, Beethoven expressed himself much pleased, and remarked that it was very well done; but, added he, had I wished to write a quartet I should not have written a sonata!

Wolfmayer, a Vienna merchant, to whom Beethoven's last Quartet in F, Op. 135, is dedicated, was a devoted admirer of Beethoven. The dedication was written on March 18, 1827, six days before Beethoven's death. Wolfmayer paid Beethoven peculiar attention; knowing that he was fond of fish, he used every Friday to order a fish dinner at the eating-house in the Rotheturmstrasse, and before that at the Swan Hotel, Neuer Markt, where Beethoven was generally to be found.

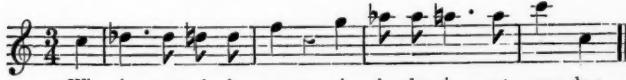
* See Seyfried, p. 17; Spohr, *Selbstbiographie*, i. 201; and Otto Jahn, *Ges. Aufsätze*, p. 315.

Misunderstandings occasionally occurred between Beethoven and Holz, as the former led away by his impetuosity and mistrust would often accuse people unjustly. But these quarrels were soon made up. On one of these occasions, Beethoven wrote Holz a reconciliation canon, "Wir irren allesamt und ein jeder irret anders!" This is given in the books in two forms: First, in Nohl's collection of Beethoven's letters, p. 385, as follows:



Wir ir - ren al - le Samt. Nur je - der ir - ret an - derst.

and secondly by Mr. Thayer in his *Chronologisches Verzeichniss*, No. 277, from a pencil scrap in the Imperial Library at Vienna:



Wir ir - ren al - le - sammt, ein je - der ir - ret an - anders.

"When the Choral Symphony was performed for the first time, May 7, 1824, Umlauf was the conductor; and Beethoven stood beside him to give the *tempo*. In the second part of the Scherzo, at the *Ritmo di tre battute*, where the trumpets play the subject,* the public burst forth into such loud applause, that the orchestra was almost drowned. The performers had tears in their eyes; but the master continued beating time, till Umlauf with a movement of his hand, called his attention to the applause. He then turned round and bowed very quietly." Holz told this with great feeling.

(To be continued.)

THE LEIT-MOTIVE, ITS USE AND ABUSE.

By F. CORDER.

(Continued from page 467.)

II.

A brief consideration of the use of the Leit-motive in other than stage works is here demanded.

As we have said—and the fact cannot be too strongly insisted on—the labelling of characters and incidents with particular phrases has become, in the present state of musical art, a mere commonplace, and unworthy of notice if it go no farther. Now, in works for the concert-room it usually—we will not say inevitably—happens that the music assumes higher importance and the libretto much slighter value than in opera. In the libretto then there will rarely be found any of those subtleties of allusion, those depths of meaning, for the elucidation of which the Leit-motive is so admirably serviceable. A particularly charming instance of its worthy employment, however, may be found in Macfarren's little cantata, "Songs in a Corn-field," where a prominent phrase of the chorus, which tells of the deserted maiden, is made to recur in altered guise in two other places where the same incident is indirectly alluded to. Numerous early instances of the use of the Leit-motive in cantata and oratorio might be cited, but they are one and all such as we cannot hold up to admiration. One notable exception—though we hardly know whether to include it in this class or not—is the delightful series of reminiscences in which Beethoven indulges in the introduction to the *Finale* to the Choral Symphony; but our meaning rather applies to such instances as the two motives, typifying Christ

and St. John respectively, which Spohr uses in his *Calvary*, the phrase of the first soprano solo in Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, and the quick chords for trombones



with which Berlioz continually prefaces Mephistopheles's utterances in his *Faust*.

In contemporary works of this class Gounod's two oratorios naturally challenge attention, and with regard to these we feel tempted to express in the very strongest terms our disapprobation of this composer's use of the Leit-motive. In the *Redemption* he uses but one motive, and the manner in which its every appearance is pointed out in the libretto—though perhaps necessary for that not very brilliant section of the public which chiefly attends oratorio performances—borders upon the absurd. When, in addition to this, we find every device of orchestration exhausted in order to give prominence to this theme, we cannot but be annoyed at finding it consist of one of the very stalest phrases of melody that ever deserved relegation to that musical dustbin, the shop-ballad. It occurs note for note and with the same harmony in the first movement of the Italian Symphony (2nd strain of 2nd subject), and the Trombone subject in the introduction to the third act of *Lohengrin* is a much finer form of the same idea. Now, it is the first and most indispensable requisite of a Leit-motive, that the phrase should be noble, striking, and out of the common, otherwise it will not bear reiteration—will not wash, as one may say. Far happier in this respect is the "damnatory" motive in *Mors et Vita*, that descent of four tones, the last of which seems to strike dismay to every heart. But the melody—



which is supposed to express the joys of the blessed, is another sad platitude, being one of Gounod's own most oft-repeated ideas. Apart from this consideration—the intrinsic value of the theme—we fail to see that Gounod's employment of them is advantageous to his works. He is one of those composers whose music depends almost entirely for its interest upon the beauty of its melody and harmony; constructive devices he, in common with most French and Italian composers, affects but little.* Accordingly, in movements like the epilogue to the first part of *Mors et Vita*, he is even more laboured than Liszt, more bombastic than Berlioz, and more pretentious than Pierson.

Raff, in his unaccountably unsuccessful oratorio, *The End of the World*, uses three or four Leit-motives, but though with invariably greater skill than Gounod, with no better result, and this is chiefly for the same reason, namely, that the device is uncalled for. Also, his motives are absolutely uninteresting, which is fatal. There are two instances—which might certainly rank better as reminiscences only—in Rubinstein which strike us as admirably happy. One is in that weird song, "Die Waldhexe," where, at the last line, "And love is home-ward calling," the little love-melody heard previously in the song recurs with irresistible pathos. The other in his very finest song, "Es blinkt der Thau," and is a whimsical idea, but a pretty one. The last line of the poem, "O might it remain so for ever!" happens to be identical with the refrain of Mirza Schaffy's Persian song, "Gelb rollt mir zu Füssen," which Rubinstein had already set. Accordingly, he intro-

* With Mr. Corder's remarks on Gounod's oratorios we are entirely at variance. The *Redemption*, including its Leit-motive, is a genuinely-inspired effort; and the beautiful melody from *Mors et Vita* above cited is one of the few islands in an ocean of dulness and monotony.—ED. *Mus. W.*

* Holz surely means the bassoons, or the drums 19 bars further on.—[G.]

duces this phrase as a concluding symphony to the later song, and it happens to fit in very well indeed.



This instance was recently quoted as an accidental musical coincidence, in a paper read before the Musical Association, and no one ever corrected the error; yet both of the songs in question are exceedingly popular.

But English musical people seem to have a singular difficulty in appreciating the Leit-motive unless, as in Gounod's *Redemption*, it is almost hurled at their heads. How many people, for instance, who have heard Wagner's trilogy, or portions of it, can tell you what is the phrase which represents the Nibelung's Ring itself? Again, it is most amusing to notice when an opera absolutely on Wagnerian lines has been produced in London—a thing that has happened more than once—how really good critics have said in almost these words: "The composer has of course employed the Leit-motive to some extent, but has made very sparing and judicious use of a device which, in less skilful hands, is apt to degenerate into a mere trick." This is intended as a compliment; but fancy how the hapless composer must have writhed to find all his elaborate ingenuity thrown away. In one place perhaps he turned a motive into an accompaniment figure, in another made it a counterpoint to a new melody, in another used it in three-part canon, or made one motive go in double-counterpoint with another; and now to find all his cleverness absolutely ignored! In one opera to which this bitter praise was awarded we counted, with little trouble of search, forty-three Leit-motives; in another, thirty. But then, in justice to the critics, it must be conceded that nearly all of these motives lacked that inherent vital power and interest which no amount of repetition can give them.

On a par with this non-appreciation is that of a very eminent critic who refuses to this day to recognize the "Siegfried Funeral March" and the Introduction to Act III. of *Die Meistersinger* as anything but purely abstract music. It is certainly the highest of high compliments to the composer, who has built in each instance a marvellous mosaic of Leit-motives, that while his art is ignored its result compels admiration. *O si sic omnia!*

(To be continued.)

MUSIC AT HOME.

BY A GRUMBLER.

THOSE whose olfactory nerves or their liability to catch cold render them peculiarly sensitive to certain "musical grievances" to which the attention of our readers was not long ago drawn, have at various times sought to make up for an enforced absence from public concerts by frequenting private houses where good music is to be heard, and even by arranging private subscription concerts amongst themselves. The pleasure of listening to a string quartet played by finished artists in a private room of suitable size, where all jarring elements, such as the presence of the vulgar herd, the discomfort of badly-upholstered seats, and the crudeness of the wall-decoration, are carefully excluded, and where, in cushioned ease, the development of the great masters' ideas may be followed out undisturbed—we say nothing of the forty winks to

be snatched by him who thoughtfully arranges his seat relatively to the lights in the room—is undeniably very great. Happy indeed are the Sybaritic hearers, for beyond and above the obvious luxury of such an audition of music, there is the supreme felicity of feeling that Tom, Dick, and Harry are shut out from the enjoyment. What if Tom be destined by a freak of fate to regenerate English music, and to make himself a name among the sons of Art? What if Dick be a "mute, inglorious Milton," whose mouth would be unstopped at the magic touch of Music? What if Harry be a hard-worked man, to whom music is a fountain of refreshment by the way? Never mind; let them stand without, while we sit and hug ourselves in our soft chairs at the thought that we are "not as other men are."

But, after all, these chamber music meetings form a very small proportion of the private music that goes on in London. It is quite true that, as was pointed out in *The Musical World* some time ago, the "old Patron" has given place to the new, and there is no longer anything like the number of private professional concerts given nowadays that there used to be. But the evening party at which really good music is to be heard has replaced alike the private concert and the old amateur "musical party," which was a thing of dread.

People who bring their music on the chance of being asked to perform are daily getting more and more rare; the regular programme is driving out the practice, for those who have not been previously asked to play or sing some special composition know that they are only expected to act in the valuable capacity of listeners. But in proportion as private music gets better—and there is no doubt that it has really and very decidedly improved—the grievances by which the listeners' enjoyment is interfered with come more prominently forward. These differ from concert grievances in all respects, but in none more distinctly than in this, that they are almost all remediable by a little trouble on the part of those who arrange parties of this kind.

At the outset of the performance, it is pretty certain that the hostess, who is, of course, addicted to music—else wherefore the party?—modestly refraining from putting her own attainments in the best position, will open the proceedings before most people come, and in the middle of her song will have her attention diverted by beholding the arrival of her most distinguished guest just as she reaches the climax of her *scena*. What is the poor lady to do? All husbands are not on the alert to step in with the commonplaces of hospitality, and hers is most likely talking to a congenial friend in the corner. How to attract his attention without interrupting the song? I recently beheld the spectacle of a voluminous lady standing, observed only by the powerless hostess, and waxing moment by moment more wrathful; I felt that the Tomkinsons had expectations from her, and I wondered what would happen. Providentially a rest of three bars came in the song, and the opportunity was seized. A whispered "John! don't you see Mrs. Heliogabalus Smith?" fell upon my ear, and before I could discern that it came from my hostess, she had whisked off into endless *fioriture* and brought the song to a successful conclusion. Mrs. Heliogabalus was contented with Tomkinson's attentions, and I am convinced their future is secured.

While on the subject of the entry of the guests, could not some substitute for the bawling announcement at present in vogue be thought of? Society's latest tenor is justly proud of a certain high note that shall be nameless, which he makes a point of introducing in and out of season, on every opportunity that presents itself. How pleasing for his rapt hearers to be jerked down from the ethereal realms to which he has transported them, by the dreadful accents of the provisional butler, pitched on a note of equal if not superior height,

"Laidy and the Miss de Joneses," uttered with the rising inflection at the end that bespeaks the greengrocer in every sound!

In the middle of the evening there comes a moment when everybody has arrived, and the rooms surge with chattering forms, eagerly embracing an interval between two pieces for the exchange of their thoughts; for, of course, no one ever thinks of talking while music is going on! At this point our hostess thinks she ought to ask the budding professional, for whose benefit, to tell the truth, the party has been organized, to sing her most effective song; the seething mass surrounding the piano yields to allow of her passage, but closes immediately, pressing upon her from all sides, impelled by those on the outside of the circle; she has to sing against a solid wall of humanity, with the result that the ample lady in front goes home saying that the new soprano shouted the roof off, while the amateur critics about the door declare that if she has not more voice than that, she has no chance of success. With both sets of hearers, the girl's career is ruined, and where under other circumstances she might have won golden opinions, she provides for herself a set of adverse criticisms, alike undeserved and unavoidable.

A few years ago, the commencement of the pianoforte solo was not only the signal for the release of all the bottled-up remarks that had accumulated through many songs, but was also the cue for the entry of tea, coffee and ices, all provided with spoons gifted with a peculiar power of jingling. When the implements were done with, they were always put on the piano, where they added considerably to the volume, if not to the musical quality, of all the subsequent performances. The banishment of refreshments to another room has given a resource to the unfortunates who are not musical, and an opportunity of getting over the least attractive, and of course most inevitable portions of the programme, while everybody is at supper.

A programme of such portentous length that half of it has to be left out, is a grievance from which all private impresarios have suffered in their time, but it falls most heavily upon the host's having to risk offending people who have been asked to contribute, by telling them that their services will not be required. If a printed programme is made use of, care should be taken to make it very short, for it is perfectly easy to fill up the time with extra items, which will please many without any possibility of giving offence.

Reviews.

ORGAN MUSIC.

The July number of *The Organist's Quarterly Journal* (Novello and Co.) is fully up to the level attained in its predecessors. Were its contents a little more homogenous it would claim a higher place still. The first piece, an *Andante* by F. Kilvington Hattersley, shows considerable skill and knowledge of effect, and one passage, a little solo for the oboe near the close, makes it quite clear that the composer knows something of orchestration, for if played on a real oboe it would be singularly effective. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley's *Præludium et Fuga*, which succeeds to this, is a little unequal; the prelude is not only unworthy of the excellent fugue that follows it, but is in itself almost trivial, whatever its destination. The fugue is in E minor, and is one of the best of recently published works of the kind, not that this is saying much in its favour. It is well-sustained, and runs the course without any of that shirking of difficulties by which most modern attempts at fugal writing are disfigured. It is a thoroughly honest piece of work, and entirely free from meretricious effect; subject and counter-subject are alike well-fitted for their places, and the whole is admirably coherent. A close in the tonic major is the recognized termination of a fugue in the minor, but we cannot say that the passage of eight bars in the major, coming after the end of

the fugue, improves the effect of the composition. The contributions of German organists have always been a most interesting feature of the journal, and the present example is at least on a level with most pieces of the kind. It is a *Pastorale in D*, by C. August Fischer of Dresden, and is extremely good. It is on a double pedal almost throughout, and is exceedingly effective. The absence of any serious difficulty, and its attractive character will make it very popular with moderately advanced players. About the last number in the volume, a *Marche Héroïque* by Percy Jackman, the less said the better. It is thoroughly commonplace, and in many places positively vulgar.

NEW SONGS.

Messrs. Stanley Lucas send a batch of songs of various degrees of merit, and calculated to please different classes of musicians. "Wandering Wishes" by Robert B. Addison, is a suitably impassioned setting of some excellent words; it is sufficiently thoughtful, and free from vulgarity, though its musical material is not strikingly original. "The Ivy Green" by Arthur C. Stericker shews considerable knowledge of effect, but before making another effort as ambitious as this the composer must study the principles of musical structure, and become familiar with the less obvious rules of harmonic treatment. The idea is very good, and the attempt to improve the style of accompaniment that prevails in songs of the "Simon the Cellarer" type laudable in its way, but the song as a whole can hardly be pronounced successful. "Two Locks of Hair" by Sabine E. Barwell, is a setting of Longfellow's well-known poem, shewing no very cogent reason why it should have been written. Its subjects are both trite in the extreme, and their treatment is not of a kind to compensate for their familiarity. The words are set with the usual disregard of meaning or natural emphasis; they are stretched on the Procrustean bed of a commonplace tune, and forced to give way to it in every particular. "Alone with thee," by Gilbert R. Betjemann is skilfully constructed on a not very new theme, and the charm of its effect is very considerable. It is to be regretted that composers whose musical knowledge is sufficient to enable them to construct an effective song should not be able to exercise more discretion in the choice of their themes, but should be contented with whatever occurs to them first. It is a fault to which nearly all the popular song-writers of the day are only too prone, and to this cause is due the fact that the vogue of such songs is so very short. "A Passing Strain," by James Partridge, is built on three subjects, none of which are in any way remarkable, but the whole effect produced by their juxtaposition is fairly good. The words are of a taking kind, and the presence of such a word as "endower" will not be objected to by the undiscriminating audience for which the song is intended. Miss Maude White, having essayed most of the languages of Europe, has now turned her attention to Swedish, and drawn her inspiration from "a work written on the Bay of Naples during convalescence," by whom we are not informed. To judge by the English translation, the poem beginning "O hur vidgas ej ditt bröst" is excellent for musical setting. The composer seems to have thought it her duty to impart local colour by means of a copious use of phrases characteristic of Scandinavian music, and, in fact, it is not too much to say that the song is worthy of Grieg himself. From this it will be seen that it is admirably written and extremely effective. To give adequate musical expression to the song of the sirens has been found by many composers to be altogether beyond their power, and it may be doubted whether the subject has ever been satisfactorily represented in music. Mr. Francesco Berger's "The Syren" might not be considered very successful, were this difficulty not borne in mind. It is extremely melodious and has a certain amount of witchery in it, but now and then we are confronted with some terribly commonplace phrase, or figure of accompaniment, that quite ruins the effect. "Our Darling," by Berthold Tours, is an extremely good example of a type that will, no doubt, remain in fashion for some time longer, namely, the sentimental ballad, in which the "empty chair" is an unfailing resource. The musical setting of the verses, which are neither above nor below the average of such effusions, is so attractive and well carried out that a success may safely be prognosticated for it.

The same publishers send a song of exceptional merit by Arthur Somervell. It is a setting of some striking words by Austin Dobson, beginning "Once at the Angelus," and it displays rare intelligence

and poetic feeling. It is admirably written on a very original subject, and is full of pathos and real beauty.

From the London Music Publishing Co. we receive an Album of four songs by Alan Gray, set to words by Arthur Hugh Clough. The complete neglect in which the lyrics of this poet have been allowed by song-writers to remain is nothing short of amazing, when we see what can be made of them by a musician of taste and real intelligence. The first song in the book is the beautiful "Song of Autumn," beginning, "My wind is turned to bitter north." The situation has been thoroughly grasped and reflected by the composer, who has the rare gift of interpreting and making more clear the poet's meaning—not merely that of setting his words to appropriate and pleasing music. "Where lies the land" gives the opportunity for a more dramatic treatment, and the return to the lyrical style at its close is extraordinarily effective. "The Stream of Life" is careful, and the climax at the end is in accord with the purport of the words, but it is perhaps less attractive than the others of the set. The last, "Say not the struggle nought availeth," is a worthy setting of one of the noblest of modern poems; its musical material is excellent and thoroughly original, the emphasis of the words preserved, and their meaning reflected with a faithfulness that is too rare.

Messrs. Salter & Son send a song by Frank Frewer, called "They bid me sleep," the words of which are adapted from "The Lady of the Lake." The setting of the words is very careful, though lacking inspiration; its thoroughly musicianly qualities must be recognized with approbation.

"The Fisher Lass," by William Farmer (Ambrose & Co.), is a production of the feeblest possible kind, conforming in every particular to the least satisfactory type of popular song as at present understood. Its sentiment is extremely dismal, and for that reason a waltz refrain has been selected out of all the musical forms that were at the composer's disposal.

Occasional Notes.

The Bayreuth Festival has commenced a prosperous career, and the first performances have taken place according to programme; *Parsifal*, with Malten and Winkelmann, having been given for the first time on Friday last week; and *Tristan und Isolde*, with Frau Sucher and Vogl, on Sunday. Our special correspondent, who was present on both occasions, records the fact with due enthusiasm; but, being a careful and deliberate writer and one who (rare thing amongst musical critics and other people) knows his business and the difficulties thereof, declines to commit a full account to paper "before he has witnessed at least three performances of each play." Our readers must, therefore, have patience, and will probably enjoy his letter all the more when it comes.

Ancient saws are continually being proved by modern instances, and the familiar adage that "it never rains but it pours" is as true to-day as at the remotely antique period when it was first invented. At present it pours lady-composers of operas. No sooner has Miss Ida Walter produced *Florian* than a lady in Italy, also called Ida—another marvellous coincidence!—follows her example in Italy. The Countess Ida Fornasari Correr (for such is her style and title) is the composer of an opera, *Il Gondoliere*, which, according to *Il Filodrammatico* of Padua, is simply a masterpiece. To account partly for this enthusiasm it should, however, be added that the countess resides at Padua, where her playing upon the harp and the piano forms, according to our contemporary, the delight "*dei saloni dell' highe-life*."

A curious law-suit has recently been decided in the American courts. Mr. Titus d'Ernesti was the plaintiff, and Madame Minnie Hauk the defendant. It appears that the former was engaged as solo pianist for Madame Hauk's tour, and that the difficulty arose from the lady insisting upon the gentleman

playing in the "orchestra space" instead of upon the stage. This arrangement did not tally with Mr. D'Ernesti's notions of artistic dignity; he declined to descend from his elevated position, and, on being dismissed, sought redress from the law.

To prove his case he called four professional witnesses, Mr. Mills, the great Chevalier de Kontski, Mr. Sternberg, and Mr. Van der Stucken, and the unanimity with which these gentlemen gave their evidence shows that there is at least some *esprit de corps* amongst American pianists. The following extracts from the interrogatory will show the overpowering emphasis of their testimony:—"Q. Is it customary or not for all soloists, members of a concert company, to perform their solos on the same stage or platform? A. Mills, yes; De Kontski, certainly; Sternberg, it is; Van der Stucken, it is. Q. Can a pianist, who, by the terms of his contract, 'is engaged as a solo pianist' of a company, be required to perform his solo in the orchestra space (off the stage), while the other soloists, at the same concert, perform their solos on the stage? A. Mills, no; De Kontski, never; Sternberg, no; Van der Stucken, no." After this, but one course was open to the judge, Mr. Theodore Sutro, who, in spite of the promptings of gallantry, sternly decided in favour of the plaintiff for the full amount of his claim.

The Albert Hall is to be turned into an elegant music hall or *café chantant*. It is in that sense, at least, that the proposal of the Council "to consider the advisability of making an application to Her Majesty the Queen for a supplemental charter is generally understood." The place is to be let for public and private meetings, theatrical entertainments, concerts, balls, promenade concerts, and, as the circular adds, "any other uses similar or not to those above-mentioned," which reminds one of the famous translation of an old Latin drinking song where, amongst the inducements to copious potations, are mentioned

Good wine, dear friends, or feeling dry,
Or any other reason why.

The proposal, as might have been expected, has caused a good deal of excitement amongst the shareholders, who are very hard upon the Council in their voluminous letters sent to the papers. One of them asks ironically whether this latest phase is to be another development of the progress of arts and sciences advocated by Albert the Good, to whose memory the hall is devoted; another is horrified at the idea "of attracting the human garbage from the purlieus of the Strand and Haymarket to the comparatively pure atmosphere of South Kensington"; a third doubts the economical advisability of taking on lease the conservatory, quadrant and adjoining gardens, and of "altering" and "adapting" the hall to its new destination.

All this in its way may be reasonable enough, but the fact remains that, for the purposes of high-class music, vocal and instrumental, the Albert Hall is entirely unfit, and the sooner it is turned into a circus for bull-fighting (supposing that amusement to be introduced into this country), horse-riding, "or any other uses," the more reason will musicians have for rejoicing. At the same time provision ought to be made that some of the institutions connected with the Albert Hall should find another and more appropriate local habitation. The extinction of Mr. Barnby's Choir, for example, would be a national calamity which must be avoided at any price; but here we touch upon that great desideratum for London frequently discussed and planned but never yet brought within measurable distance—a concert hall which is neither a circus nor a back-kitchen, where one can hear music and enjoy it safe from scorching heat, killing draughts, and the odours of multifarious dinners.

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Mr. WATKIN MILLS.
Mr. SANTLEY.

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1886.

SOME WRONGS OF MUSIC.

THAT music is in England the real Cinderella of the arts has received fresh proof lately in the action of the lessees of the Great Eastern steamship. It appears that this white elephant among vessels has now, after many vicissitudes, settled down in the steady and dignified character of a "show-place," and as such is being exhibited like any respectable dungeon, monument, or storied ruin, daily, in fact oftener, as Sundays are also open to the public. The entertainment is eked out with "concerts, etc., and on Sundays the music is, or has been, selected from sacred works. The company in possession naturally do not scruple to take money of the sightseers on the first as on the other days of the week. On this ground the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association would seem to have the law on their side, and the resolution: "That

for the protection of the large number of working people who are employed in connection with places of amusement, and whose Sunday rest is endangered by the Sunday opening of the Great Eastern steamship as a place of amusement, instructions be given to the solicitors of the association to institute legal proceedings at once against the managers of the company," has some logical basis. Now comes the moral indicated above. The owners intervened, investigating the tricks and the manners of the Sunday holiday-makers, and in consequence have issued an informal report through Mr. Edward de Mattos: "The steamer being let under a charter party we have no power to restrain the charterers from exhibiting her on Sundays. At the same time the exhibition is proceeding in a very harmless fashion, and I am moreover glad to state that I have information that the sacred music hitherto held on board on Sundays has been stopped."

So that the money continues to be proffered and taken at the doors (or should we say on the gangway?); the height, breadth, and length of the monster ship are expatiated upon by guides in the graceful and measured oratory for which their kind is famous; probably jokes are bandied about when the intelligent listeners fall back from their philosopher and friend, and give utterance to something more lively than the conventional "Law!"; it is even possible that refreshments are provided and enjoyed; but the one evil thing that clouded all this harmless Sunday gaiety with its lurid atmosphere of wickedness—that turned the holiday-makers into sinners, and the money-takers into criminals—which changed cheerfulness into vanity and respectability into rowdyism—this evil thing, sacred music, has been sternly put down. It remains to be seen whether the owners or the lessees of the Great Eastern have done enough to satisfy the law and the W.M.L.D.R.A., and whether they can bring forward some plea that protects them from the jurisdiction of a court. Whatever be the last scene of this little comedy the one point will stand out from it: that music, even sacred music, has been made, for a time at least, a scapegoat for the public good; that Cinderella has, in fact, been bidden to know her own place and to keep it!

The hatred shown against the art by the unintelligent members of the community is not a matter for surprise, if one sees with what contempt music is treated by the head of that community. The stupidity and stolid ignorance shown by our Government, Tory or Liberal, Unionist or Home Rule, as soon as it comes into contact with music is well illustrated by the latest issue of the "Revised Instructions to Her Majesty's Inspectors." It has frequently been pointed out by competent persons that the system of singing "by ear" as practised in elementary schools is worse than useless. With the late Government Inspector of Schools, Mr. John Hullah, the aversion to this system amounted almost to a hobby-horse. In his reports he returns to the point again and again, almost as frequently and as passionately as Mr. Urquhart used to denounce the wiles and schemes of a great northern power, and we have no reason to think that Dr. Stainer differs from his predecessor. In spite of all this the aforesaid document treats the so-called "ear-test" with evident favour;

a special regulation has been inserted to the effect "that the song-tests may be prepared either 'by ear' or 'by note,' and may be sung either with or without books." Considering the vast amount of public money spent, or rather wasted, on this kind of musical teaching in elementary schools, this is a serious matter, which, in any country musically less obtuse than ours, would lead to awkward questions in Parliament and other remonstrances. To any eccentric member inclined to ask such a question, we are prepared to supply plenty of materials. The point, indeed, has never been seriously disputed, least of all by those who most appreciate the wood-notes wild to be heard in field and forest from the mouths of the people. These unsophisticated minstrels, singing by ear, or rather, by heart, were the very *fons et origo* of national music, and that their voices have been silenced by the abominations of the music-hall is one of the greatest calamities for which modern civilization is responsible. But a distinction must always be drawn between the music of nature and the music of the school ; in the former the ear is paramount, in the latter it is valueless unless supported by that inner sense of music which singing from notes alone can supply.

Correspondence.

THUMB v. FINGER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—Permit me to supplement the letter in your last, in reply to "A bewildered Pianist," who objects to our insular system of marking pianoforte fingering, and would wish us to adopt the foreign method. It appears to me that the precisely opposite course would be more to the purpose. Not only here, but abroad, fingering for all string and wood-wind instruments is on the four-finger system, and the real anomaly is that what are so universally known as the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th fingers on those instruments should become respectively the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th on the pianoforte. Possibly your correspondent would wish the five-finger method for string and wood-wind instruments also, but he does not say so, and reform in this direction need not be discussed here. From a musical point of view, I maintain that, under existing circumstances, the English system of marking pianoforte fingering can at least be credited with greater consistency than the foreign.

Truly yours,

37, Howley Place,
Maida Hill West.
July 26, 1886.

CHARLES E. STEPHENS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—I beg to endorse all that your contributor, "A bewildered Pianist," says on the subject of insularity in fingering. No musician of any common sense can have a word to say in favour of a system which took its origin in the marking of the fingers for bowed instruments—the treatment of which is so very different from that of the piano. I hope you will give your support to the "five-finger" method, and perhaps by that means give us a little lift out of our insularity ; after which, other concessions in the direction of progress may be hoped for.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A TEACHER OF THE PIANO.

"Musical World" Stories.

THE WEDDING MARCH.

BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSEN.

(Translated by Mrs. OSCAR BERINGER.)

(Continued from page 474.)

Was it possible that Beret could have gone to them ? It would be just like her. She was so impulsive and precipitate that she would undoubtedly long to have the affair settled at once, that Mildrid might suffer no more suspense. Yes, she had undoubtedly gone home. . . . But should she arrive first, the parents would misunderstand everything, and . . . Without an instant's further hesitation, Mildrid started on her homeward path. Once on the way, her pace grew more and more rapid, pursued as she was by a constant, increasing dread. She hurried on with her head whirling, her heart beating to suffocation, her breath threatening every instant to forsake her. At last she was obliged to sit down for a minute to rest. But sitting afforded her no relief ; she was obliged to lie down. She threw herself at full length on the grass, and fell asleep with her arm under her head.

She had scarcely slept or eaten for two nights and two days, and did not comprehend the effect of such a revolution upon the body and soul of a child who had hitherto slept and eaten with the utmost regularity.

How could she be expected to understand what had happened to her ?

In her communion with her affectionate, but pensive parents, she had accumulated a wealth of love of which she had always been obliged to carefully suppress the expression. In the more exhilarating atmosphere of her grandmother's dwelling, an irrepressible, vague, and uncontrollable longing had been generated which had raged in her heart of hearts.

Day had suddenly dawned for her, and she found herself in a land blooming with flowers which, wherever she moved, showered down upon her as from an inexhaustible horn of plenty.

Tortured by the pricks of her tender conscience, the tired child ran a race with her own thoughts until she literally fell down, exhausted. She lay there wrapped in a profound slumber, and her cheeks were fanned and caressed by the fresh mountain breeze.

Beret had not gone home, but to Hans Haugen. It was a long way, and mostly on unfamiliar paths along the outskirts of the forest, and then high up amongst the rocks, where there was some danger of meeting wild animals, as Mildrid's adventure with the bear had proved. But Beret trudged bravely on, for Hans must come—or something dreadful would happen to Mildrid, who was so changed that she could hardly recognize her. She was strong and energetic, and the remembrance of Mildrid's anxious impatience, shortened and lightened her labour of love. Hans Haugen was the most glorious human being she had ever seen—and he should have Mildrid !

It was just as easy to understand that Mildrid had at once given her heart to him as that he had felt himself irresistibly attracted by Mildrid. If the parents could, or would not, comprehend this, they could do their worst, and the two must hold steadfastly together—as their great-great-grandfather and great-great-grandmother had done—and with this Beret began to sing the family Wedding March. It sounded merrily over the desolate mountains, and re-echoed in the cloudy distance.

When she had climbed the highest crag, she stood still and cried, "Hurrah !"

She could only see a streak of the furthest and uppermost portion of the village. On the same side she also saw the outer fringe of the forest, then the mountain meadow land, and here, wheré she stood, nothing but bold, rocky abysses with rigid outlines.

She hurried swiftly over them in the light, exhilarating air. She knew that, parallel with the snow-mountains, the peaks of which towered high above the others, the rock-huts must lie, and after a time she saw that she had little farther to go. To convince herself that she was on the right road, she climbed upon a great loose stone, and saw a mountain lake shining beneath. Whether it was a hut, or a rocky clump which she saw near the lake she could not decide ; sometimes it looked like a hut, sometimes like a rock. But Hans's

hut must lie near a mountain lake. Yes, and it must be this lake, for a boat rounded the point and two men were rowing. It must be Hans and the German. She jumped down from the stone, and hurried in the direction of the lake. But what had seemed so close to her lay still a long distance off, and she ran and ran, her intense desire to see Hans Haugen lending wings to her feet.

Hans Haugen was sitting quietly in the boat with the German, without a suspicion of the excitement of which he was the cause. He had himself never known what fear meant. It was also the first time that he had ever been in love. Once in the toils he had had no rest until all was settled. That having been satisfactorily accomplished, he sat there at ease, contented and of good cheer, and composed words for the Wedding March.

He was no great poet, but he strung a few lines together of their bridal procession to the church, to which their first meeting in the forest served as a burden or refrain. He whistled, and fished, and was as happy as a king.

The German fished and left him in peace. Then they all at once heard a signal from the bank, and they both, Hans and the German, looked up and saw a girl, who beckoned to them. They consulted for a moment and then rowed ashore.

Hans sprang out of the boat and made it fast, while they both took out the guns, fishing-tackle, coats, and fish. The German made straight for the hut; Hans, with his burthen, went towards Beret, who stood on a stone, somewhat at the side.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Beret—Mildrid's sister," she replied.

He flushed vividly, as did she. Then he suddenly grew pale.

"Has anything happened?"

"No, only that you must come at once to her. She cannot bear to be alone."

He stood still for a moment, looking at her. Then he nodded, and went into the hut. The German had hung up his fishing-tackle, and was standing before the door. Hans did the same, while they were speaking together.

Since the moment when Beret had signalled her arrival, two dogs had barked furiously inside the hut.

The two men went in together, and as they opened the door the two dogs stormed out. The one belonged to Hans, the other to the German, but they were both sternly commanded to return.

All became quiet, and it was a long time before Hans came out. But he had changed his clothes, and carried his rifle in his hand; the dog was at his heels.

The German followed him. Then they shook hands, as if they were bidding each other farewell for a lengthened period. Hans then came up to Beret.

"Can you walk quickly?" he asked.

"Of course," she replied.

And he walked, and she ran—the dog in front.

As it had not entered into his head that Mildrid was not as quiet and as happy as he himself since their betrothal, these tidings of her came to him like an inspiration of new thoughts.

Of course—she was uneasy about her parents. And equally of course, she was fearful and nervous at the hurry and precipitation of the whole affair. This seemed so clear to him now, that he was absolutely astonished that its probability had not occurred to him before—and he stepped out manfully.

During this stormy march, Beret had hurried along at his side looking up at him whenever she had a chance.

From time to time he had caught a glimpse of her great eyes and glowing cheeks.

But his own thoughts were too all-engrossing; he had really hardly seen her at all as yet, and he soon lost sight of her altogether.

He turned round—she was a good way behind, but was evidently doing her best to keep pace with him. Her pride would not allow her to tell him that she could not keep alongside in such a march. But now, when he stood still, and waited till she had at last, breathless, reached him, the tears stood in her eyes.

"O! am I walking too quickly for you?"

And then he held out his hand to her. She was so breathless that she was unable to answer.

"We will sit down and rest a little," he said, and drew her down beside him.

She flushed, if possible, still more deeply than before, and did not look up at him. Her breath came in short, quick gasps, as if her heart would burst.

"I am so thirsty," were her first words. They stood up, and he looked round, but there was no brook to be seen.

"We must wait a little longer," he said. "There is a brook up there. It would be bad for you to drink just now."

He sat down again, and she seated herself upon a stone in front of him.

"I ran the whole way here," she said apologetically. "And I have had no dinner;" she added the next moment: "And I did not sleep at all last night," she further informed him.

Instead of sympathizing with her, he said hurriedly:

"Then Mildrid very likely had no dinner, and perhaps did not sleep either?"

"Mildrid! She certainly did not sleep last night, and she did not eat either, that I saw. She—" and she considered for a moment—"has never gone so long without eating before."

He stood up.

"Can you go on now?"

"I think so."

And he took her hand, and the storm-march recommenced. But he soon felt that she could no longer keep the pace up. He took off his jacket, gave it to her to carry, and took her on his arm. Beret at first would not agree to this arrangement. But he held her so lightly and easily, and she held on to his shirt collar, for she did not venture to touch him. After a while she declared herself rested, and quite able to walk. He put her down, took his jacket, hung it over his rifle—and off they were again!

They made a halt at the brook, and rested a little before she drank. As she raised herself from the water, he looked at her, and smiled. "You are a nice little girl," he said.

It was already growing dusk when they reached the meadow. They sought everywhere for Mildrid in vain.

Their call died away in the distance, and they both grew terribly anxious. At last Hans noticed the dog snuffing at something. It was Mildrid's silk neckerchief. Hans at once bade him seek its owner—and he was off in a second. They followed him over the rocks towards the other side, in the direction of Tingvold. Had she gone home? Beret told Hans of her imprudent question, and did not hide from him the effect it had produced on Mildrid. Hans replied that he could easily understand that.

Beret began to cry bitterly—she was almost beside herself. Should they follow her or not? They would have to ask at the next field for assistance with the cattle. While they were discussing this, and still following the dog, they suddenly saw him stand still, wag his tail, and look back. They hurried over, and there lay Mildrid!

She lay there, her head on her arm, her face half hidden in the grass. They softly approached her. The dog licked her hand and cheek—she stirred, and rubbed it with her hand, but slept on.

"We will let her sleep," whispered Hans; "you go and see after the cattle; I hear the herd bells."

As Beret hurried away he ran after her.

"Bring something to eat with you when you come back," he whispered.

Then he sat down at a little distance from Mildrid, called the dog to him, and held his muzzle lest he might give tongue when a bird or an animal came near.

The evening was overcast, the rocks and mountains bathed in sombre gloom. A deep silence reigned. Not even the twittering of a bird could be heard. Holding the dog fast with one hand, Hans alternately sat, and lay there. He had already satisfactorily settled everything that had to be discussed with Mildrid when she awoke.

The future lay cloudless before them. Absolutely free from all care he lay there, and looked up at the heavens. He knew that their meeting had been decreed from above. God himself had told them that they should wander through life together.

He began once more to hammer out the text of the "Wedding March," but his soul was clogged with joy, which kept his thoughts imprisoned.

(To be continued.)

Concerts.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.

On Thursday, last week, the students of the Royal College of Music gave their final orchestral concert in the West Theatre of the Albert Hall. The playing of the band could not have been better, though the brass sounded too loud in the small room. Of the compositions of the students, the most pleasing was Miss Annie Fry's *O Salutaris* for chorus and string orchestra; it is a well written piece and was delicately rendered. The pianoforte concerto by Mr. Wood is more ambitious, it is crowded with ideas and difficulties, and has the faults of the work of a boy of nineteen, but there is great promise in it, and a really charming vein of melody. It was very finely played by Mr. Barton. The B minor Rondo by Mendelssohn was well given from memory by Miss Daymond. Sullivan's "Orpheus with his lute" is less suited to Miss Drew's style than operatic music; Mr. Price was more fortunate in his choice of a song, and gave Mozart's "Hai già vinta" with admirable effect; his voice is powerful and agreeable, and his articulation particularly good.

THE LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

On Tuesday evening the London Academy gave a short programme of music, which was followed by the presentation of medals, by Miss Ella Russell, to the successful competitors at the late examinations, and brought to a close by a comedietta, in which the characters were taken by two elocution pupils of the establishment. The musical programme mostly consisted of songs which were all more or less well rendered by the pupils, amongst whom Miss Dufour, in airs by Gounod and Puzzi, and Mr. Reakes in Schumann's "Ich grolle nicht," distinguished themselves. The ladies who are studying the violin showed excellent talent and skill. In the course of the evening a portrait of the late Sir Julius Benedict, by Mr. Sanders, was unveiled and presented to the Academy.

THE COLONISTS AT NORWOOD.

On Tuesday, last week, the directors of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, invited the Colonial and Indian representatives at present in London to pay a visit to the institution at Upper Norwood. A special train conveyed the visitors, some 200 in number, from Victoria Station to Norwood. On arriving at the College, they first passed through the gymnasium, where pupils were at work in the technical, kindergarten, and modelling departments, to the concert-hall. There some admirable music was given by the College choir, and by Mr. Alfred Hollins the organist.

Dr. Campbell, the principal of the college, then addressed his visitors. He said that the college provided not only a regular training in music to its 176 pupils, but a good broad English education as well, with a view to its being useful in after life. Musical education, however beautiful, would be of little consequence unless based upon such a thorough intelligence that the blind person could make use of his education to bring him a profitable return. To illustrate the system employed, Dr. Campbell then dictated to the choir a short chant, which, after they had written, they sang. He then went on to say that the college began with the youngest children who had never done anything for themselves, and gradually taught them to rely upon their own unaided powers. In order to give them the necessary courage, every possible means for providing physical development was resorted to. The blind were naturally more feeble than seeing persons, and therefore in the institution, which was established for the purpose of lifting the blind into a healthy condition of self-helpfulness, they aimed at giving the pupils strong and healthy bodies. Much had been heard lately of federation for Government purposes, and he thought that the blind must also inaugurate a federation in the true sense. The institution aimed at being, not simply a good school for the blind or a first-rate college of music, but also a great university for the blind of the whole British Empire. In one sense the colonies were far in advance of the

mother country. They had severed themselves completely from the idea of charity, while we still gave out of feelings of pity and sorrow for the afflicted. This was not what was asked, however. All that was desired was that the blind might be put upon their feet and do for themselves. He and his class wished the public to recognize that the blind, if thoroughly well educated, could go forth into the world as happy and useful members of society, but if they were obliged to be ever holding out their hands for pity their life could not fail to be a miserable one. He knew that at the present moment 75 per cent. of the blind in London were dependent upon charity; but when the grand national duty of providing education for the blind has been recognized, this sad state of things would be remedied and the sightless freed from the dreadful fate of pauperism. He and his class were the children of the nation; and the nation could not afford to give them an education less than the very best; for the alternative to thus producing useful workers in the State was that of maintaining a body of helpless paupers. He hoped that that afternoon a bond of union would be created between England and the colonies; that scholarship committees would be formed, and pupils will be sent from all the great towns of the Empire, to be returned as educated, self-reliant men and women. (Cheers.)

The Rev. Newman Hall proposed a vote of thanks to the President of the college and Mr. John Cook for their enjoyable entertainment, which was seconded by Major Fitzroy. Mr. Cook having briefly replied, the company adjourned to the grounds, where refreshments were served, and gymnastic exercises were performed by the pupils, the visitors leaving by the 5.30 train for Victoria.

MUSIC IN HAWAII NEI.

By A. MARQUES.

(From the "Hawaiian Almanack and Annual.")

If it may not prove very difficult to a "kamaaina" * to find out what music is at present in the Hawaiian islands, it is certainly a very hazardous task to undertake to say something about what music was amongst Hawaiians before civilization came to make a clean sweep of their old customs. The reasons of the difficulty are obvious; first, living witnesses are no more, and the younger generation, outside of some very few exceptions, are already ignorant of many of the old ways; secondly, written authorities are scarce, for the first Europeans who came to these islands had generally no time, and perhaps no taste for enquiring into such a trifling thing as music. I have perused many a book written on these islands, from early days down to the present time, without finding any musical information worth noticing. One clue, however, does exist in that navigator who paid with his life the honour of rediscovering and naming these islands, Captain Cook. This remarkably sagacious and close scrutinizing writer gives the following remarks:—

"The dances of the natives of these (Sandwich) islands bear a greater resemblance to those of the New Zealanders than to that of the Friendly or Society islanders (Tonga and Tahiti); they are introduced with a solemn kind of song, in which the whole number joins, at the same time slowly moving their legs. The music of these people is of a rude kind, for the only musical instruments that we observed among them were drums of various sizes; their songs, however, which they are said to sing in parts, and which they accompany with a gentle motion of the arms, like the inhabitants of the Friendly Islands, have a pleasing effect." To the above words, which I here italicize, was appended a note to this effect: "The circumstances of their singing in parts has been doubted by several persons of great skill in music (evidently of the ship's company). Captain Burney, however, and Captain Phillips, of the Marines, both of whom have some knowledge of music, are strongly of opinion that they did sing in parts, that is to say, sing together on different notes."

Lisianski, a Russian who visited these islands at the beginning of the century, says that the young men and women were very fond of dancing, but their music was of a much ruder kind than that of the Society Islands, having neither flutes nor reeds, nor instruments of any other sort, except drums of various sizes: but their songs, which

* Foreigner who has made a prolonged stay in the country.

they "sang in parts" with a gentle motion of the arms, were very pleasing.

Later still, Captain Byron, who brought back in the Blonde the remains of the Hawaiian king and queen, who died in London, says: "They were not entirely destitute of music, and the ancient ballads of the country allude to a variety of instruments no longer known; various kinds of drums are still used, but the most singular instrument is a small double flute played on with the nose. It does not appear that they ever used stringed instruments."

The man who could have best helped in the matter, both from his prolonged and friendly intercourse with the natives, and from his passage at a period when old customs were still in full force, was Captain Vancouver, who unfortunately confined himself entirely to the description of hulas and dancing, but does not say a word about the nature of Hawaiian music. Thus, it can be seen that the authorities are meagre and rather contradictory. However, it can be said that, whatever may have been the taste and proficiency of the old Hawaiian race for music of some kind, they never have been in that respect as refined as the cognate races of the south seas. Further, it can also be asserted that the ancient Hawaiians knew of nothing similar to our modern music, with its regular intervals, its progressive scales, either natural or chromatic, and its varied modulations.

What confirms me in this opinion is the very fact of the extension or capacities of their musical instruments, such as the natives now remember them, and by the bye, the former Hawaiians were certainly not so entirely destitute of instruments as Cook makes them out to be, whilst Byron seems to have been much better informed on the subject. I am indebted to the kind courtesy of H.R.H. Princess Liliuokalani for the following list of Hawaiian instrument:—

STRINGED.—*Ukekes*, the nearest to the Jew's harp, was of two kinds; one, the long one, was a flat strip of flexible wood, mounted with two strings of coco fibre, on pegs to wind them up to the proper tones, at the interval of a second or a fourth. Some *ukekes* had a third string tuned to a third. These instruments were used by bringing the top against the mouth and singing or humming against it, whilst at the same time working the fingers on the strings. My impression is that these instruments must have been as similar as anything can be to the primitive Greek lyres. The small *ukekes* were merely sticks held against the mouth whilst the performer sang or spoke.

WIND.—*Pua* was a gourd pierced with three holes; one to put against the nose to blow through, the other two to be stopped with the fingers, producing a primitive model of the celebrated instrument "newly" invented, and called ocarina, or some other fancy name. *Puas* were also made of a joint of bamboo with the nose hole on one side and two finger holes at the other end; this was properly the nose flute.

PERCUSSION.—Drums of different sizes, and made principally of coco shells, of calabashes, and of wood, covered at one end with tightly drawn skin. The small ones were pounded upon with a piece of coco fibre rope, the larger one with the hand, or, as now done for hula dancing, merely thumped on the floor, and slapped upon with the palm of the hands or with the fingers. *Kaeke* was simply two joints of bamboo, open at one end, so as to produce a hollow sound when knocked about. *Puili* were long pieces of stripped and split bamboo, knocked one against another, generally held by two people. The percussion instruments only served to mark time, but did not give any musical intonation, as the European tymbals do.

But now is the place to remark that all the other Hawaiian instruments, both wind and string, were constructed for giving only *two* or at the utmost *three* notes, evidently corresponding to the two or three notes used by the singers. It can thus be safely inferred how primitive must have been the old Hawaiian idea of music, whose few notes were varied and rendered attractive only by the changes of velocity and of expression, and by the variety of accentuation given on the numerous vowels of the language. Further, it can, I think, be said that music, such as it was, was only used formerly as an accompaniment to poetry or dancing, never alone as we use it. Meles were either recited or chanted. When they were also "acted," they took the name of hula, and thence designated the well-known dances, which were nevertheless nothing but explaining by appropriate gestures the ideas expressed by the mele.

(To be continued.)

IMPRESSIONS OF ITALY.

We borrow from the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* the following impressions of a stay in Italy by Herr Sommer, a German composer of note. They are not and do not pretend to be in any sense exhaustive. The writer, for example, seems never to have heard of the excellent orchestral concerts—as good and as "classical" in their way as any to be heard in England or in Germany—which take place under Faccio at Milan and under Mancinelli at Bologna. But in spite of this, these brief notes are not without their value. They reflect, amongst other things, that intense delight in the brightness and joyousness of the South which is common to Englishmen and Germans, and which, more than a thousand years ago, impelled our Teutonic ancestors across the Alps to the destruction of the Roman Empire.

"As you know, a kind fate has led me on several occasions within the last few years to Italy. Much must occur to a careful observer which is necessarily left out as unimportant in the short notices of musical events sent to Germany; many things which seem commonplace and a matter of course to those living in Italy, wear nevertheless quite another aspect to unprejudiced eyes, and the consideration of them will perhaps throw a new light upon the conditions here of music and the drama. But do not expect a verdict upon any particularly weighty musical question, nor yet anything like a complete description; for I was obliged to lose a great part of the musical season while prosecuting the real objects of my journey. My cursory sketches will deal only with that which offered itself unsought to my experience.

"It is a fact that the culture of serious German music has lately manifested itself in many ways in some towns of northern Italy, and also in Rome. The newspapers have reported performances of *Rienzi*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*. I could mention a very successful rendering of the *Elijah* for which the German Ambassador, von Keudell, a disciple of the old school, issued invitations to the Pallazzo Caffarelli, he himself conducting his chorus and accompanying on the piano. I could speak, too, of a Symphony by Sgambati, that excellent musician who does honour to his master, Liszt, also performed at the German Embassy; of the pianoforte recitals of Henry Kettner and Sgambati, given at the Sala Dante, the programmes of which extend to Chopin and Liszt; of the Wagner-Lisz soirées at the house of a noble and accomplished Roman lady, at which the late Joseph Rubinstein made propaganda for the Bayreuth cause; and lastly, of a Roman duke, a thoroughbred Italian, who has, however, learnt to cultivate and to appreciate German music, including *Parsifal*. Such experiences are sufficiently curious, but they make one feel uncertain of being in Italy; they are invasions by the German musical spirit, deeds of extraordinarily gifted natures that break through national prejudices, but on the subject of which the majority of the listeners arrive at no clear understanding, however worthy of admiration their naive sympathy may be. But the native Italian musical doings are much more characteristic, therefore let me rather treat of them.

"I should by rights begin with the orchestral concerts, but that of such, in our sense, I have no account to transmit. There indeed have been known to be some instances of association for that purpose, but I have never been made aware of a concert of the sort by any advertisement. The concerts of *virtuosi* are more frequent. One of these, given by a mediocre violinist, Signor Albanese, at a theatre in Florence, was made endurable because the intervals of the concert were filled in by the several acts of the opera, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, which possessed great interest for me. It is true, only second-rate performers took part in it, with the exception of the basso buffo of the old school, almost voiceless but bubbling over with fun; nevertheless, thanks to the light and fluent vocalization—most favourably set off by the *recitativo secco* with piano and double-bass accompaniment—I received a very charming impression of the celebrated work. It appeared to the senses like a faded but still clearly-marked Mozartian picture. In the same way, during other concerts, the movements of a Mozart quartet, or such similar fragments, were made use of as musical buffers; but for the most part the indispensable variety was attained by the insertion of Italian romances into the programme.

But, apart from their tasteless combinations, the *virtuosi* here are so much in the habit of trotting out antiquated and hackneyed beasts of burden that I am sure you will not blame me for not having been attracted by them to a greater extent.

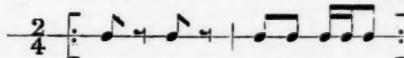
"I heard the renowned Papal Choir more than once at St. Peter's. The services at the Sistine chapel have for many years been closed to the public. It is well known that the traditions of the great era of Italian church-music are still preserved there and at some other places, but that one generally gets something very different in the churches. Even the singing of the nuns at San Trinità dei Monti is spoilt and rendered unenjoyable through the choice of pieces and bungling accompaniment. But the organ-playing, even in the largest and best known churches, defies description. Operatic and dance tunes are rushed through at the greatest speed, adorned with rich *fioriture* and trills, and provided with an accompaniment which reminds one of nothing so much as of the struggles of a beginner at his piano-forte exercises. It also brought to my recollection a worthy village schoolmaster in the Tyrol, who once showed off before me upon his organ in the Pilgrim's Chuch at Trafoi, and with such good grace that he roused up, with his cheerful 'Rum-tiddy-dum,' all the village beauties who had gone to sleep over the reverend gentleman's sermon.

"Another and more meritorious performance deserves to be expatiated upon at greater length. At the church of San Pietro a Majella, at Naples, it is the custom, on three evenings in Holy Week, to have Jomelli's *Miserere*, or some other work of the kind, sung by the Collegio di Musica. This school, which boasts of a famous past, is situated in a convent connected with that church. Here, after long waiting, I was received by the Director (surrounded by three minor dignitaries), who graciously accorded my request for an entranceticket. The greater part of the rather gloomy and not very large Gothic church is reserved for invited listeners. On arriving punctually at seven o'clock, I found that the service had already begun; the priests, who do not allow themselves to be distracted by the public searching for seats, were employed in the crowded sanctuary with never-ending litanies and psalms. Behind the High Altar rose a barrier, draped in black, which partly concealed the choir singing at the other side of it. When the priests at length drew back, the lights were extinguished, and, with the occasional support of a harmonium, the choir began the splendid *Miserere*, the style of which seems so far connected with the previous service, in that here the single movements also are introduced by two basses singing in unison, in a kind of recitative similar to that of the priest in the Litany. The musical phrases themselves are very short and slightly developed; but an exceedingly grand and vigorous effect is obtained, on the basis of the liturgical chants, through the alternations of choral and solo singing and the varied means of expression which lie in the wealth of contrapuntal device. The voices of the boys impart a beautiful tone to the choir; ladies co-operate in the soli not altogether to the advantage of the whole. It was the lady soprano alone who could be found fault with for unsteadiness of intonation and forced and sentimental accent. But such minor faults were willingly forgiven in view of the harmonious and elevated *ensemble* already described.

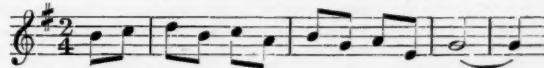
"In public life the military bands play a great part; in the large towns their concerts are held several days of the week in public places, and in their programmes the favourite canzonets of the day are heard side by side with the pieces to which we are accustomed. In country places, a *banda* of young people is gathered together, trained and led by a veteran musician. A *banda* of this kind in Capri, for instance, after being provided by the municipality with instruments, music and uniform, had soon become a national, and even a religious institution, though nervous strangers looked upon it as a public calamity. On every possible occasion, such as the numerous church festivals afford, the *banda* blew forth blasts as though the object had been to burst the walls of Jericho assunder. One could not be deaf to the wonderful talent among these young people, who in an incredibly short space of time had learnt to feel quite at home with their instruments and music—but as for their taste—good heavens! However, the conductor must principally be made answerable for the failure in that point, and next to him the clerical authorities, who can stand by with devout looks while the image of St. Costanzo is borne away from its niche in the cathedral, to the favourite tune of the *banda*—the couplet from *Boccaccio* "up to undici, dodici, tredici, tra-la-la." This takes place within the church,

only to be drowned as soon as the procession issues from it, by a continuous crackling and thunder of canon. What happy simplicity in these children of nature, who reverence their good saint above everything, who serve up to him their noisiest and jolliest tunes, who at every second step bestrew him with flowers, and in the evening celebrate him with grand fireworks! And this glorious climate, this laughing sky, this joyous people—all present so natural and at the same time so striking and memorable an impression, that one is irresistibly impelled to rejoice in sympathy! How dear to them and home-like is their saint's church! If a shower of rain comes on suddenly, the *banda*, followed by young and old, cats and dogs, adjourn to the church to continue beneath its shelter the strains that were interrupted on the piazza. Though there is on the répertoire a funeral march, I only once heard it played during a burial service in the church, when it was taken so solemnly that between every beat (beating it was in fact, as the time was marked by the clapping of hands), one might have gone outside to see what the weather was like.

"But what remains a puzzle to me is that the *banda* never played the tarantella for a dance, not even on one glorious evening when a crowd watched the dancing in the piazza; the accompaniment then consisted only of a tambourine, handled by a comfortably stout old woman with a total disregard of the orthodox rhythm, as follows:—



"So soon as the two barefooted girls and their partners, after twisting and turning, attracting and repelling, had reached the climax of the dance, the old woman would raise her shrill voice and sing a phrase without words, something like the following:—



often repeated at long intervals. The last long note, which is peculiar to many Neapolitan folk-songs, was always jerked out with force. At length the rhythm changed to a wavy, moderately quick 6-8 measure, with which the dance concluded.

"Our delightful Capri has also attained so much civilization that a tolerable pianino may be hired at a reasonable price. It is possible to work at one's will here, to say nothing of the lively intercourse of numerous artists, and the hospitable care of the respectable Don Manfredo Pagano, at the Villa Serena.

"Of more important and interesting matters, namely, the manner of representing opera in Italy, I shall treat in a second letter."

(To be continued.)

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS FOR WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SATURDAY, July 31.—10 a.m.: Service (Cooke), in G; Anthem, "Blessed are the merciful," No. 722 (St. Matt., v., 7), Kearton. 3 p.m.: Service (Cooke), in G; Anthem, "Judge me, O God," No. 332 (Ps. xlivii), Mendelssohn.

SUNDAY, August 1 (*Sixth Sunday after Trinity*).—10 a.m.: Service (Garrett), in D throughout; Hymn after 3rd Collect, No. 175; 3 p.m.: Service (West), in A; Anthem, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way," No. 252 (Ps. cxix., pt. 2), Elvey; Hymn after 3rd Collect, No. 37.

Notes and News.

LONDON.

A correspondent writes:—During the performance of the "Bells" at the Lyceum Theatre on Saturday evening last, in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and party, an opera glass fell on the head of Mr. Horatio Chipp, the well-known violinist, who was playing in the orchestra at the time, causing a very awkward wound on the right side of his head. He was led out, bleeding profusely; how he escaped a more serious, if not fatal, consequence seems almost miraculous. Mr. Chipp had his wound dressed, was conveyed home, and is progressing favourably.

PROVINCIAL.

GLASGOW.—The Richter Concerts have been fixed for Tuesday and and Friday, November 2 and 5 respectively. Further particulars will be published in due course.

LEEDS.—The Leeds triennial festival this year will be the last of the series of provincial festivals of the year, being fixed for October 13, 14, 15, and 16. It takes place under the patronage of Her Majesty, and Sir Arthur Sullivan is conductor. The principal vocalists engaged are Madame Albani, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss A. Williams, Madame Patey, Miss Damian, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr. Sewell Kay, Mr. Santley, Mr. Brereton, and Mr. Watkin Mills. The oratorios selected are Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* and *Elijah*, Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, Bach's *Mass in B minor*, a new oratorio by Dvorak, *Ludmila*, with other similar novelties, a cantata, "The Story of Sayed," by A. C. Mackenzie, a new ballad for chorus and orchestra, written for the festival by C. V. Stanford, a concert overture, written for the festival by F. R. Hattersley, and a cantata by Sullivan, also written for the festival, entitled "The Golden Legend." At the Thursday evening concert Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, also appears in the programme.—On Saturday last the first drawing for choice of seats by guarantors took place in the Municipal Buildings, Leeds. The Mayor (Alderman Gaunt) presided. The hon. sec. (Alderman Frederick Spark), stated that 987 serial tickets at five guineas each had been purchased by guarantors. This showed an increase of 324 upon the festival of 1880 and of 50 upon the festival of 1883. There were now 494 guarantors who had guaranteed £20,400. In addition to this there was a reserve fund of £1,100. The prospects of the festival are stated to be exceedingly good. Sir Arthur Sullivan attended a special rehearsal of the Festival Chorus in the afternoon, in order to conduct Bach's *Mass in B minor*. Several of the choral numbers were tried, the Sanctus and the Hosanna especially being rendered in a manner which warrants the anticipation of a fine performance at the festival. Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* next taken, and afterwards Schumann's *Advent Hymn*—the latter conducted by Mr. Alfred Broughton, the chorister-master; the choristers showing intimate acquaintance with both works.—The audience assembled in the Victoria Hall on Saturday night to hear Dr. Spark's organ recital was as large as ever. The programme included at least one item that has never been presented before at these gatherings. This was the overture to *Ajax*, Dr. Arne's celebrated opera, which is heard too seldom in these days. As might be expected from such a composer, the music is most tuneful. Another notable item was Gounod's Romanza for the organ, which was listened to with keen appreciation. The organ recitals will be continued twice a week, and on Bank Holiday a special recital is arranged for, as also on August 5, the occasion of the visit of the Indian and Colonial representatives. The Borough organist then hopes to give his recitals twice a week to the end of September, when they will cease until after the Musical Festival.

NOTTINGHAM.—On the 29th the opening services in celebration of the completion of St. Edward's Roman Catholic Church, Blue Bell Hill, Nottingham, were held. High Mass was celebrated at eleven o'clock, when Cardinal Manning, accompanied by Bishop Bagshawe, proceeded to the new edifice. The Cardinal was assisted at the throne by Canon Tasker and Canon Croft, whilst the assistant priest to his Eminence was Monsignore McKenna, V.G. The deacon was the Rev. Father Baigent, and the sub-deacon the Rev. Father McCarthy. Provost Harnett was the assistant priest to the Bishop, and the masters of ceremonies were the Rev. Father Browne and Mr. Bull. The following clergy of the diocese were present in the sanctuary: Canons Dwyer, Croft, Douglas, Monahan (priest of the mission), and Griffin; the Rev. Fathers O'Brook, Revill, Hoeben, McKey, Hind, O'Haire (of Carleton, Notts, late of South Africa), Jackson, Meenagh, Conaty, Hankin, and Robinson. The Mass was a new composition by Mr. Short, of Birmingham, entitled "The St. George's Mass," and it was very favourably criticized by the clergy. The following were the vocalists and instrumentalists: First violins, Mr. Gibson and Mr. Smith; clarinet, Mr. F. Sharp; flute, Mr. F. Warren; bass, Mr. Parker; organist, Mrs. Leasley; conductor, Mr. J. Leatherland; soprano, Mrs. Swanwick; alto, Mrs. McCulloch; tenors, Mr. H. Taylor and Mr. J. Cass; bass, Mr. Watchorn.

AMERICAN.

Madame Minnie Hauk has accepted an engagement for an operatic concert tour, extending as far as San Francisco and Portland (Oregon), during September, October, and November.

NEW YORK, July 3.—This is a dull time with us, and musicians are mostly busy with their plans for next season. Mr. Stanton, the director of the German Opera, has secured some more or less well-known singers, in spite of the tight hold in which German artists are apparently kept by their managers. Fräulein Schröder-Hanfstängl and Stamer-Andreissen, and Herr Gritzinger are not among the number, but as before announced, Fräulein Lilli Lehmann, Fräulein Marianne Brandt, Frau Seidl-Kraus, Fräulein Foerster (Stuttgart), Fräulein Franconi, Fräulein Betler (Augsburg and Berlin), Fräulein Mayer

(Prague); Herren Zobel, Fischer, Robinson, Alvary, Mayer, Basch, Von Milde, and Sieglitz have already signed contracts, and engagements are pending with others. It needs only a glance at the list of operas, which Mr. Stanton intends to have performed, to show that a large company of strong dramatic singers must be brought over to divide the work. The following are to be performed: *Aida*, *The Huguenots*, Brüll's *Golden Cross*, Helmsberger's *Fata Morgana*, Wagner's *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung*, Goldmark's *Merlin*, which, though a European work, is to make its very first appearance in America. Herr Seidl will conduct. The American opera company has returned from their nine weeks' tour, and the manager, Mr. Lock, is making his plans too for the next campaign. It is supposed that Miss Emma Abbott will be so lucky as to secure the new opera by Signor Francesco Fanciulli; small wonder that several theatres are struggling for the honour of producing it, for the composer has dealt with a distinctly American subject—that of Miles Standish, the *Mayflower* Puritan—and it will be entitled *Priscilla*. To pass to a very different style of work, of which the scene, however, is also laid in America, namely, Mr. C. H. Hoyte's *The Maid and the Moonshiner*, all that is known is that Miss Lillian Russell will probably sing the part of the heroine. So much for future prospects.—News comes of the musical activity in different districts. The new Boston Chamber Music Society is organized; their intention is to give ten concerts in a season; subscribers only are entitled to tickets, and all the performers are to be paid. President: Mr. Oliver Ames; Vice-President: Rev. J. T. Duryea; Secretary: Mr. J. C. Kimball; Treasurer: Mr. Cyrus S. Haldeman; Music Committee: Messrs. Carl Faellen, Carlyle Peterslea, and Allen A. Brown. The Boston Symphony Concerts, season 1886-7, will begin on October 15, under Wilhelm Gericke.—The conservatories and schools of music have been holding high festival all over the country; that in Boston (the New England Conservatory of Music) marked the wonderful position it has attained in inaugural festivities which attracted crowds almost larger than could be accommodated. Dr. Eben Tourjee, the director, is to be congratulated on the immense success of his undertaking. At Philadelphia the students gave a concert, in which selections from Beethoven's symphonies and other works by Mendelssohn, Schubert, Rossini, Rode, Braga, and Streletzki were creditably performed. At Cincinnati, where the school is presided over by Miss Clara Baur, her singing pupils, as well as those of Mr. George McGrath on the pianoforte, and Mr. Jacob Bloom on the violin, did admirably. Musical colleges at Chicago, Harrisburg, and many other places have mostly all held their "commencement exercises," as they are called here, under the most encouraging support. And lastly, 600 coloured students of the Hampton Institute are reported to have sung Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus* most effectively under the leadership of Mr. F. G. Rathburn.—To give further examples of the flourishing condition of music in the States, it may be well to notice, from amongst many musical festivals, that at Providence, capital of Rhode Island, celebrating its 25th anniversary, where a fine chorus of 400 members of the local choral association, with Mr. Reeves's band, will collaborate in music by Gounod, Delibes, and the classical composers. That at Toronto, conducted by Professor F. H. Torrington, has been given with a chorus of 1000 voices. Gounod's *Mors et Vita* was performed on the first day, with Madame Osgood as solo soprano. On another day Madame Lilli Lehmann gained the honours by her singing of scenes by Beethoven and Weber. Omaha has had its first musical festival, with brilliant results; but enough, perhaps more, has been said than was necessary to convey to you some idea of the vigorous pursuit of music in this country.

FOREIGN.

The King of Saxony contributed no less than £23,000 to the support of the Court Theatre at Dresden during the past year.

At Leipsic it is proposed to prepare *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* without the usual cuts, and to perform them in altogether the most complete manner. At the same time, as the first scene of *Tannhäuser* is known to have been rewritten by Wagner with a view to its production on the enormous stage of the Paris Opera house, means will be taken to fulfil the intentions of the master by abstaining from too ambitious attempts in the mounting of it.

The first novelty of the approaching season at Munich will be Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*.

Weber's hundredth birthday has been celebrated by the Berlin Royal High School of Music with performances of the overture to *Oberon*, a hymn, for choir, orchestra, and solo voices, "In seiner Ordnung schaffet der Herr" the concerto for pianoforte (played by Professor Barth); "Kriegslied," and the cantata in commemoration of Waterloo. The same cantata will be given by the Berlin Philharmonic Society.

Emile Scaria, the renowned bass of the Vienna Opera, died at Blasewitz, near Dresden, on Thursday, last week, at the age of fifty-one. Scaria was paramount among German singers as a performer of Wagnerian parts. He took a prominent part in the Wagner celebrations at Bayreuth, and has twice visited America. He was born at Graz. Notwithstanding his magnificent voice, his earlier appearances both in Austrian and Ger-

man towns were failures. These disappointments determined him to go to London, where he became a pupil of Professor Garcia, of the Royal Academy of Music. On his return to Germany he commenced a most successful and brilliant career. He had been suffering for some months past, and died of paralysis of the brain.

M. Edouard Colonne's orchestra is giving some excellent concerts at Aix-les-Bains.

The musical season at Royan began on the 18th with a performance of *Lakmé*, a brilliant success for all who took part in it; Madame Jouanne-Vachot and M. Maillaud won immense applause.

Three hymns, written for female choir by M. Bourgault-Ducoudray, and sung last year at the inauguration of the Zappeion at Constantinople, are now published.

We hear little in praise of the last singing competitions in Milan and in Paris. Are the great singers of the future to come from Brussels? The vocal talent has lately been remarkable among the female students of the Conservatoire. Madlle. van Besten, a pupil of M. Warnots, has gained the first prix de chant français.

Two operas by the Greek, Samara, the composer of *Flora mirabilis*, have been secured by the publisher Sonzogno. One of these, *Medje*, is already completed, for the other the poet Fontana will write the libretto.

THE LEIPSIC LISZT SOCIETY.—A Liszt Festival is announced to take place in Leipzig, on October 22, 23, and 24, 1886, to celebrate the master's seventy-fifth birthday. Programme:—First day, on the evening of October 22, in the new theatre, the Faust and Dante Symphonies. Second day, on the evening of the 23rd, at the same theatre, "Festklänge" and "Hunnenschlacht," symphonic poems, Rákoczy March, solos, &c. Both concerts to be conducted by Herr Arthur Nikisch. Third day, on the 24th at eleven o'clock in the morning at the old Gewandhaus, concert of the society. All enquiries respecting the festival to be addressed to Herr M. Krause, the president of the society, 4, Braustrasse, Leipzig.

COLOGNE.—The Gürzenich Summer Concerts have now come to an end. The last programme contained Schumann's D minor symphony, Mozart's E flat major concerto, for two pianos, played by Professors Seiss and Eibenschtz, and Beethoven's symphony in F.—Mr. Max Pauer has given a successful pianoforte recital here, and has received much praise for his musicianly qualities.

The Academical Choral Society, consisting of seventy-five Finnish students, has given very interesting concerts at Stockholm, surprising critics and public by the perfection of their singing and the beauty of their voices.

Gospodin Lubimoff, the eminent Russian tragedian, according to information received from Russia, has been created an honorary hereditary citizen of St. Petersburg, a title conferring distinction and certain social privileges upon its owner.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The close of the terms at the Conservatoires of Dr. Hoch and of Raff show that the pupils at the former institution numbered 185, and at the latter 144. In the month of May, Dr von Bülow gave instructions in pianoforte playing at the Raff Conservatoire, in which nine students of the institution and fourteen outside pupils took practical part, while twenty pianoforte students and seven outside pupils attended as listeners. Of the honorarium, increased by the fees of the outside pupils, £15 were sent to the Liszt Scholarship in London, and £85 were kept for the Raff Commemoration Fund.—Professor Stockhausen has been giving matinées with his pupils. At the last one, on July 11, the first number in the programme was a quintet by Schubert, lately discovered by Max Friedländer, "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt," for two tenors and three basses. This composition made a great impression on the audience. Some of the voices of Professor Stockhausen's pupils were very much admired, amongst which were the mezzosoprani of Frau Holm, Fraulein Sicca, and Fraulein Welker; and of the tenors, Herr Kaiser, who is destined for the Italian Opera, and possesses a very remarkable organ and much artistic facility, also Herr Paul. Herr Nizze's bass voice was heard in several concerted pieces.

PARIS, July 25.—The directors of the Opéra have the following operas in preparation: *Patrie* (MM. Sardou and Paladilhe), *Les deux Pigeons*, ballet, by MM. Régnier fils and André Messager; *La Dame de Monsoreau*, in five acts, by MM. Auguste Maquet and Salvavre; and the *Tempest*, ballet and chorus by M. Jules Barbier after Shakespeare, and M. Ambroise Thomas. At the Opéra Comique are promised *Benvenuto Cellini*, by Berlioz; *La Sirène*, by Auber; *Le Sicilien*, by Weckerlin; and *Le Signal*, by Paul Puget, early in the season. *Don Pasquale* has been revived at the Opéra Populaire. This work was originally written by Donizetti for the Théâtre Italian. There is a musical drama spoken of by Massenet, on Goethe's "Werther," in which are no choruses or ensemble vocal pieces.—The Society of Musical Composers announces prizes for a symphony, a quartet for piano and strings, a lyrical poem and vocal chamber music. Address for further details, M. Edmond d'Ingrande, Secrétaire-général, rue Saint-Louis-en-l'Île, 70, Paris.

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Golden Dawn, A	J. L. Roekel	"
Hypatia song	May Ostler	"
Left untold	F. H. Cowen	"
Old Love, The	Paul Rodney	"
Song in October, A	Frederick A. Post	"
Sunset Hour, A	M. Krohn	Ambrose
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Whispered Vows	Milton Wellings	"
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